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## BEANCOUNTERS

The Beancounter's Workshop. An overhead mirror is inclined to show the beans, white navy variety, which are counted by pushing about by credit cards. Lighting is brilliant, and hands and nails immaculate.

Beans are chuted down and each beancounter's work surface is half separated by a partition.

Much of above, too, can simply be suggested.

1 female; 3 or 4 males

Girl--bouffant hairdo and capacious housedress  
Young man--faded Yuppie clothes  
Oldtimer--wears baseball cap  
Malcontent--blue collar casual  
Slick-- some sort of shiny shirt and shiny pants  
(Oldtimer can double.)

A HORN (compressed air variety best) is frequently sounded to indicate Authority's disapproval.

1

MALCONTENT

They always come back!

YOUNG MAN

It's...true that their beans were larger and better formed for the most part, and the hours shorter but--

OLDTIMER

Not a happy shop.

MALCONTENT

This is?

OLDTIMER

Sometimes it's only when you go places that you find out...relative...uh--

YOUNG MAN

Not a perfect world and who said it was?  
Anyhow they were all Dinkers!

GIRL

No!

YOUNG MAN

Would you believe? It was Dinker Dinker Dinker day and night!

MALCONTENT

Huh! All these styles of counting philosophies! This and that expert quoted like so many flushing toilets, and now even this new wave shit...and always always always, no matter what, that old universal: the death grip of the ice academy.

Bean-Constructionists, aint that it now? The very latest sanitized shit? And tomorrow it'll be Bean Anti-Constructionists or Anti Bean Constructionists or, I don't know, Pinto Bean Modernist Folklorists...something equally ridiculous. Oh my but doesn't the newer gets older every empty day? Every minute!

The more things change the more the shit gets old.

GIRL

Nobody grows up. Everybody talks about poop.

MALCONTENT

And rock-hard cold!

YOUNG MAN

Berkdolph! I recognize him. He said that! Cleaned up.  
Pretty dated stuff now! But I lied. (HORN!) There was even one  
Bentley H. Bentley-ian there. That University of Chicago  
School!--they just want their club.

MALCONTENT

And if you can get some millionaire asshole to put up the bucks,  
why not?

YOUNG MAN

They think repeating is wisdom--the past facts being--

MALCONTENT

Lies!

YOUNG MAN

--best weapon against present. Tradition, that's the word  
they use.

MALCONTENT

Fantasy! A mighty fortress is our gelt.

YOUNG MAN

But they're still not as bad as the Neo Beanos--poetic and  
disassociated.

MALCONTENT

Pathetic you mean.

GIRL (mocks)

Where are I? O to be sensitive and thereby know!

MALCONTENT

Spend whole life studying one bean! Ain't that a kick in the ass?

GIRL (turns serious)

Bean zen zen bean. Bean zen zen bean. Bean zen zen bean.  
OHHHHMMMMMMMM! (mantra)

OLDTIMER

Well...I don't know much, and I never said I did, but I know  
what I know.

GIRL (dreamy)

To know the world of beans you must know nothing of beans.  
Start as would a child. Then you will study the world that is  
without beans, and what you do not touch will be beans. You will  
therefore know beans for the first time.

MALCONTENT

And then you won't know beans and will therefore not know shit.

YOUNG MAN

I go back to Bergdolph all the time, because he calls a spade  
a spade. It's Bean Counting! He's proud to say and I am too.  
I am a bean counter. It's not Legume Enumeration. I'm not a  
Legume Enumerator. And Raiyuz-Conn for all her brilliance and  
innovation is just a stuffed shirt...or blouse.

GIRL

Don't she wish?

YOUNG MAN

And Dinker is on the sidelines forever. The accessories!  
Who cares what you wear and how well you have to drive a BMW or  
Hummer or whatever the newest toy?

OLDTIMER

I'm sorry that you had an unfortunate experience there at that  
there other beancounting shop but...well You just don't  
understand all the years it took to figure out all those things.

MALCONTENT

All these hot ideologies just appeal to you 'cause you're young.

YOUNG MAN

You're wrong! And most of my ideas really come from the oldest  
critic of all, Sinkowitz. (HORN!)

MALCONTENT

Sinkowitz?! Hell, he just wants to destroy the whole profession,  
and put what in its place? Slash the shit out of everything and  
leave you with nothing! And those who'll be the victims cheering  
the loudest--it's--

GIRL

like a presidential election?

YOUNG MAN

At least Dinker, for all it's fashionable to laugh and sniff at him, wants to preserve the main--(HORN!)

MALCONTENT (to YOUNG MAN)

Yeah, that's fine. Be a little quiet.

GIRL

They don't like nobody.

OLDTIMER

Well now, there was Jesus Meek and Mild, I think was the name. They didn't object to him. Well they did at the time, pretty forcefully, but later they--

MALCONTENT

said eat our shit and he'll comfort you.

YOUNG MAN (shouts)

A wonderful sentiment from our betters! We can admire them and still be free! For what is freedom really? (HORN!)

OLDTIMER

Right...whatchacallit...on! In perfect service, there is perfect freedom!

MALCONTENT

Shhh! Both of you! I know when far enough is far enough. Whatever they allow is freedom--that never changes anywhere.

OLDTIMER (shaky)

Don't care about none of that! Now let's not get sucked into all this talking now.

YOUNG MAN (to source of HORN!)

I'm on your side really! (HORN!) If you knew it.

OLDTIMER

We're just having a little fun is all! It don't mean nothing.

MALCONTENT (to YOUNG MAN)

You and your ideas! (menace) If we start getting lots of broken beans--

GIRL (walking back to bin)

Mysticccccc blackness of peace within the bean...verily oh verily  
I say unto you that you can never take thine habitation within  
the bean for if you do-eth, you must verily verily be of the bean  
perforce, and of the bean only. Bride of the Bean.

YOUNG MAN (whispers)

Sinkowitz, now HE knows the human differences.

MALCONTENT

Oh yeah? Well, I'll tell you, Buddy, in the next world I'm just  
gonna fuck everything that moves. Just count em here and screw  
my life away outside the shop. What burns me, what truly burns  
my hemorrhoidal ass is that I paid attention once. I believed  
them when they said it all means something. I even fuckin voted!  
Now I know that I've counted the same beans over and over for  
thirty years!

OLDTIMER

That never happened. That can never happen.

MALCONTENT

Hey! I even have some pets, one black one that's been rounded  
and rounded and polished oh boy! Every day or so here it comes!  
So tiny now from all the years, all the rubbing rubbing years,  
that it's in danger of dissapearing forever.

But then again aren't we all when the powers to be decide  
that's it? Put in the machines, put in the new robotic  
computers, bring in the toothless Filipinos, steal the pension  
fund and invest the loot in Mafia entertainment stock. Whatever.  
Anyway fuck all the old employees who just gave their health up,  
that's all.

YOUNG MAN

That's statistically impossible! It can't be the same bean.  
That is utterly utterly impossible.

GIRL (having come forward, shyly. YOUNG MAN  
gives encouraging look)

(Sweetly) Ohio

Rely on math,  
They'll put it up your ass.

(She bows. YOUNG Man applauds in delight! She blinks and half curtseys.)

MALCONTENT (to YOUNG MAN)

Impossible! Utterly! Sinkowitz says it can't, right? Therefore it can't! Life is simple if you just study to learn what they want you to say and open your mouth like an ass.

YOUNG MAN

As an ass, grammatically

MALCONTENT

Bingo! Elliptically too.

OLDTIMER

Shhhhhh. They really really don't abide the fancy talk.

MALCONTENT (muses)

Same bean...thirty...years.

GIRL

Can't be the same beans all the time 'cause nothing in the whole world could be that horrible.

MALCONTENT

Ask Hitler. Step this way, I got some lovely showers.

GIRL

That was eons ago.

YOUNG MAN

More than a triple mega-google of beans past!

OLDTIMER

Lots of beans counted since then I'll betcha. Under the bridge, over the dam, atop the...the...? (stops, puzzled)

YOUNG MAN

One must find meaning in work!

MALCONTENT

Once I did. Now I don't. Like the archetypical Jew who suffered from gas. Then died...after a shower.

OLD TIMER

You said that. Once is enough or they get furious!

YOUNG MAN (to MALCONTENT)

And another thing, why...why don't YOU get the horn much much more? You've been saying--

MALCONTENT

real things. They don't see any danger in that. I mean, reality has its own limits built in. Not like philosophy or dreams or songs with fuzzy lyrics, or majors in a college.

GIRL (chanting)

The still point of the turning world is the bean! The still point of the turning world is the bean! Oh fear oh fear the pre-Bean Chaos! The Post-Bean Hell!

MALCONTENT

Sing it again! I only had half my stomach taken out.

(BLACKOUT during which he burps.)

2

HORN! in blasts of three indicating speedup. All rush to bins, joining GIRL, and work furiously. After a while OLDTIMER is allowed to stop in order to read to them.

OLDTIMER

"Make money selling this lovely, creamy stationary to friends.

GIRL

Got one in email? Who writes pretty notes anymore?

OLDTIMER

Actually, it sells itself! Send for the sample kit described above." Hmm...it's not described anywheres. Oh well.

"A mere one hundred and twenty six dollars gets you underway. (more triple blasts of HORN--they work even faster) J. G. of



Staten Island, New York, made eighteen thousand dollars from Tuesday to Friday. B. O., a retired Sea Cook of Hinton, West Virginia—

MALCONTENT

Mountain oysters he can cook now. (Long blast of HORN!)  
I'm allowed to talk. I ain't missing no strokes!

OLDTIMER

"And saving the best for last--"

GIRL

That's encouraging. Like waiting for my boyfriend's boyfriend.  
(long blast of HORN!) Jeez!

OLDTIMER

"H. D. OF Clean Lake, Idaho made more this past year than Ecuador!"

MALCONTENT

What can lie like Capitalism? I ask you! Nothing can! Makes you proud! Listen! No horn! The horn's proud too.

Lights go down half, indicating a break for all. MALCONTENT AND OLDTIMER exit.

3

YOUNG MAN

You've avoided me since--

GIRL

No I--

YOUNG MAN

I'm not going to count beans all my life, believe me! I'll love it while I'm here but...well hitch your wagon to this star!  
Hitch your wagon to this star!

GIRL

I always knew you were ambitious. That's why you left here.  
But coming back this way, well--

YOUNG MAN

Please believe me! It's part of a great great plan! (kneels)  
I need you to add value to my life!

GIRL

Like a loan? Get up. Because there's something--?

YOUNG MAN

Ask me anything!

GIRL

Something else. Different. Maybe too different.

YOUNG MAN

Oh?

GIRL

I heard it by accident. It's possessing me...I can't sleep  
thinking about it.

There...there used to be something called a woman's movement?  
For women?

It sounds so strange to say it, like you...like you're, I don't  
know, repeating somebody else's delusion or something.  
The person I overheard could be a little crazy.

YOUNG MAN

No delusion exactly, but it was just barely allowed then, and  
when it started getting anywhere they just found ways of slowing  
it and slowing it until it stopped. I guess they killed some of  
the women too--that's what they did to the men back then, the  
ones that went too far.

GIRL (hyper-desperate)

But if it's all completely gone away then what can I do?

YOUNG MAN (rush)

You must...start with love of beans and then you will love our  
benefactors who make all of this this possible with their

own charity and sacrifice, and then you love yourself for being this this this type of person who...loves in such a, well, uh, patriotic way. Country!

GIRL

Like a whatchcalliit, boyscout?

YOUNG MAN

Then and only then are you worthy to love someone who has made the same commitments. I'd die for you to see this! Die!

GIRL

You make it sound so easy and exciting, and yet sometimes I don't even want to come to work in the morning. Maybe if they just let women... start up again--? (HORN!--very long blast)

MALCONTENT AND OLDTIMER hurriedly enter and start working.

YOUNG MAN

She means she is fearful that she may not be worthy enough that particular day! Coming to work on that partic--!

SHE

No! Don't...tell it. They always know what you mean. You're lucky when they don't make it worse--or make it up like governments do.

They join MALCONTENT AND OLDTIMER, walking as if their legs were lead.

4

Speedup HORN! sounds endlessly. They work so fast they bump each other's hands etc.

MALCONTENT

I'm no gon--

OLDTIMER

Whoa there!

MALCONTENT

--na take this! You're not the champ you used to be. The rest of us don't have to put up...I--

OLDTIMER

You look at pictures [when you] come in here! Blue Ribbon Fall River!

YOUNG MAN (speeding so much, voice hops an octave) I read 'bout you...kid! Jerky films too!

MALCONTENT

That was then.

OLDTIMER

[I can] hold my own! Oh! (card breaks)

GIRL

I don't mind. People slow up. There should be allowances made! (very long blast of HORN!)

OLDTIMER (pushing beans with nose--they stop to watch) Forgive me Father for I have sinned!

MALCONTENT

I'm sorry. Oh I'm so very very sorry.

YOUNG MAN

Oh God! No!

GIRL

Whaaaaa?

YOUNG MAN

He broke his card! He broke his card!

GIRL

A-a-a-a-anybody could! Don't...please? He he he he is one of the greats!

YOUNG MAN

Tragic but...Eskimos'd take Grandpa out on the ice, leave him there. No teeth to chew the rawhide.

Or they throw him in the water. One time parka filled with air and he kept bobbing up and they all laughed. Falling down and laughing on that blue ice. Awful blue ice! (OLDTIMER, who has stopped nose-counting, shakes uncontrollably.)

He managed...get air out and down he went!

GIRL

Down he went! Down he went all right! Down he-- (starts laughing hysterically)

YOUNG MAN (joining laughter)

I knew you'd do that! That's what I missed out there in the big time, your laugh! But...stop! You'll give me a fit!

MALCONTENT (laughing despite himself)

You...giggle maniacs! Come on now. Let's stifle the gaiety. Our duty...the law...'s clear. Broken CARD! Some dignity now!

(They stiffen.)

OLDTIMER (whining)

I was third, International Olypics. Lahore!

GIRL (out of control again)

Those the French Olypics? (Slapping YOUNG MAN)

MALCONTENT

Must be, 'cause look! (holds it up) a rubber in that awful mix of beans and rocks and raggedy crap they fed him to break his card. Hey (waving it) It aint ever supposed to be on a moral basis! Check contract. 14E. (weak HORN) See? It knows.

YOUNG MAN (in maniacal, fitful dance of

glee.) Oooo ooooo oooo oooo oooo! (Joined by girl, they do a sort of polka)

MALCONTENT

Now now. Stop! There'll be time for dancing afterwards. Only one occasion in your life there ain't.

Let's get to it. (OLDTIMER starts sidling away, but, MALCONTENT leading, they fall upon OLDTIMER and beat him to death.

YOUNG MAN drags him off by a leg as MALCONTENT and GIRL come down and sit on apron, try to catch breath)

MALCONTENT (to reassure)  
There's beauty in everything, they say.

GIRL  
I...don't know. They taught us war was beautiful, but my cousin lost his penis. Maybe they meant later, cuz he has a lovely singing voice.

(Fadeout)

5

SLICK enters, horn under his arm. Confronts MALCONTENT, GIRL, YOUNG MAN.

MALCONTENT  
Oh Jesus! They sent FBI-KGB-GESTAPO-GE. (SLICK blasts him in face with HORN! MALCONTENT strikes out in reflex) Accident my good sir! Accident my dear good sir!

(SLICK abruptly gestures that they should get back to work. After a few moments he throws each an additional card and they work with two cards a person as he sits and blasts HORN! in triple, speedup mode.)

Slow fade to near black. SLICK enter audience where he blasts away in speedup mode. Allows some audience members to blast horn also. Lights suddenly up full.

GIRL  
Oh no!

YOUNG MAN  
S-S-S-Sinkowitz warned against this! Called it a Kill-Series.

GIRL

We've been good! We've been...what more--?

SLICK gestures with horn that GIRL should go one way and YOUNG MAN the other, leaving MALCONTENT alone at the beans.

MALCONTENT (slow paced)

Shoe...bolts...nuts...dog collar, parts of..is it a fish? And how am I to count it? One fish? one two...seven bones? (one blast of HORN!) I know. My turn. (calmly rises and walks to apron)

YOUNG MAN

I can't even laugh.

GIRL

You must try! Sad faces ruin murders.

MALCONTENT (seemingly to GIRL,  
but to audience)

Yeah and fuck you too! Sitting out there thinking you're so smart and superior. (Horn malfunctions and SLICK shakes it.) Where do all of you count your beans, huh? Microsoft, Dupont, Cisco, General fuckin and Nip-Miscellaneous MOTORS? (add any large local firm to list)

Some suckass communications EMPIRE? EMPIRE! (makes sucking noises) That's you! That's you! Or Or Or Or some BANK! where you lick the floor for lunch and then put your arm up the ass of poor people all the afternoon?

Some government agency where you suck the dried-out public tit? Is that it? Hey? Hey? Hey? Hey? (obscene gestures and some mooning as SLICK hits horn on chair or floor) Right here, kiss it right here, keeps you in practice for your job. Oh excuse me, your poSIS!tion! And don't think everybody doesn't know! There are no secrets. Who's blowing the boss in truth or metaphor!

GIRL

Literature is nice. Dr Allnick in our highschool knew Shakespeare like the hairs on his balls! I told him that and he said I was a poet!

(SLICK rushes stage and smacks MALCONTENT with horn) They exit

and we hear beating noises off. After they reach crescendo, battered MALCONTENT staggers back in.)

GIRL

He's alive! Maybe it's just a brutal whomping and that's all!

YOUNG MAN

It is in the contract that a...displaced beancounter can have his/her final say. 14E, 3<sup>rd</sup> revision.

GIRL

What about the oldtimer?

YOUNG MAN

He forgot to insist.

MALCONTENT

It is curtains then, a life. Why is it that the cynic's view becomes the one confirmed at this, the very end? Is it because you've always known such an outcome would arrive, and all the rest has only been the sleepwalking towards it?

Why not an unremitting flow of love to those who serve? Why oh why can't I mean as much as this, (holding up bean) the very smallest element of our lives, this something we so often ridicule? I say to all who hear me now and those on down throughout the inconsequential centuries to come that I forgive!--myself for what I've done to me because of you.

BLACKOUT

6

GIRL and YOUNG MAN working. SLICK in MALCONTENT 's vacated chair and working on horn with screwdriver. He ignores YOUNG MAN in following)

YOUNG MAN

What is this crap?



GIRL

Oh no! Mistake! You're too young.

YOUNG MAN

Stop it! Stop it! You there with that stupid horn can't you--?

GIRL (amazed)

All shoehorns! Shoehorns! Thousands!

YOUNG MAN

I insist on beans! I insist on beans! I insist on beans! I insist on beans! I am a legume enumerator! Certainly not a shoe--

GIRL

Of course he does! We do! I I I I insist on beans FOR him!

YOUNG MAN

I believe there's some mistake. There has definitely been some mistake.

GIRL

What could be clearer? (SLICK shakes his head and horn together)

YOUNG MAN

All right then, I will recant. I am perfectly willing to recant. Was it Dinker or Sinkowitz you objected to? Were they found to be--? Just tell me what to do. To whom do you have objection? I will recant point by point or overall! (HORN! which is now working.)

GIRL

Tell him what to say!

YOUNG MAN

Please! (Embraces SLICK. They fall to floor, wrestle.)

GIRL

He didn't mean anything about anything. He's a very good counter! (Very very long blast of HORN! when SLICK has scrabbled away.)

YOUNG MAN (Rising with dignity, to her)

No. I've begged enough, and put forth brilliant arguments

enough. Too many pearls have I proffered to swine. (rises, strides upstage where he's hit by spotlight.) Then this is an end to it. Very well. It's easier in a way. I can, I don't know, breathe. I've been a great revolutionary by pleasing everyone.

(Similar, of course, to MALCONTENT'S final speech, slower pacing and more syrupy tone, along with ill-timed, spastic gestures.)

It is curtains then, a life. Why is it that the cynic's view becomes the one confirmed at this, the very end? Is it because you've always known such an outcome would arrive, and all the rest has only been the sleepwalking towards it?

Why not an unremitting flow of love to those who serve? Why oh why can't I mean as much as this, (holding up bean) the very smallest element of our lives, this something we so often ridicule? I say to all who hear me now and those on down throughout the inconsequential centuries to come that I forgive you for being unable to absorb my revolutionary sentiments!

Ahead of my time, and now...no time.

GIRL

Pearls?

SLICK leads him away and we can hear him being beaten by the horn off. (GIRL goes dumb. Beating stops.)

GIRL alternately cries and imitates the HORN while wrenchingly dancing!

BLACKOUT.

7

Return to normal but with everything cleaner and brighter, maybe some touches of color with flowers etc. GIRL getting nice white beans and humming merrily along.

SLICK enters with bucket of beans which he proceeds to pour inside the front of his pants, squirming and making orgiastic sounds.

GIRL (horrified, but quickly rises with smile and goes to him with a container of beans which she pours in the same place)

This is easy if it's all you want. There now.

SLICK (inarticulate whine)

GIRL

I do love you. I don't care what it takes we'll make it... (work)...sex and work will make it work, will make sex work, bean sex. Come to me, come in me, come unto me, pour yourself into me, pour beans on me and over me and into me. (SLICK scoops up beans and pours them on her.) Let us make us one, and one with beans from now until the hour of our death amen. Please!

(SLICK with many gyrations and moans dances away.)

GIRL (breathy)

Come back, Lover-Bean. Auto eroticism won't save the race, however well-intended. (He returns and they hold hands and stare into each other's eyes.) Let us make us one, and one with beans from now until the hour of our death. Let us make us one and one with beans from now until the hour of our death. Ah-freakin-men.

They embrace and SLICK maneuvers her around till he can reach the horn, on table or floor or whatever. He gets it but she hugs him so hard he cannot operate it.

SLICK (frustrated little whines)

GIRL

I'll never let you go until you be my yielding ever-after Lover-Bean!

(Wrenches horn from him! Blasts away at very close range. SLICK defends himself in a circular frenzy of arms.)

Fucker! (Whirls to audience) All you fuckers! (Drops horn. SLICK now pounding his deafened ears.)

(sobs) The women did! They did! Once upon a time. They had a...  
(sinks to knees) Why do you have to kill everything?

Every...fuckin...thing!

Very slow fade, halfway through she whispers:

Every fu—

SLICK (in audience now, one blast brings  
lights up full! Houselights too.)

(shouts) One member of this audience is dreaming about showing  
their PEEPEE!

(Blackout)